

Children's Newspaper

Heroes of the Animal Kingdom
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 82

Week Ending
OCTOBER 9, 1920

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 1½d.

AN ANT AT THE GATES OF ROME

THREE MAGIC HOURS

AND HOW ELECTRICITY
CAME OUT OF THEMWonderful March of Our
Greatest Modern Power

INTERESTING CENTENARY

Ten dull lines in a grown-up paper told us not long ago that scientists of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have been meeting at Copenhagen to celebrate the centenary of Hans Christian Oersted's discovery of electro-magnetism.

Who would imagine from such a humdrum little statement that from this event sprang results which carried mankind forward at a bound?

The ancients knew that amber warmed by friction attracted other objects, but they never thought of trying whether this electrical property could be excited in other materials.

Queen Elizabeth's Doctor

It was not until Queen Elizabeth was in power that anyone thought of making the trial. Then the Queen's doctor ventured. Dr. William Gilbert found that glass, sulphur, resin, and other objects, when rubbed, possessed the same attractive quality as amber. So he called the mysterious property electricity, after elektron, the Greek name for amber, in which the force had first been observed. From this men began to construct simple machines, in which, say, a cylinder of glass was made to revolve against a pad of leather, so forming electricity, which was led by a conductor into a glass cylinder.

Then came the first of three magic discoveries, the first of three magic hours, from which we may say that electric power has grown. Galvani of Bologna, experimenting with such a machine, saw that the legs of a newly-killed frog were convulsed by the current, and determined to see if a discharge of lightning would have the same result. So he fastened the frog by a copper skewer to the iron railings of his balcony, and the moment the skewer came in contact with the iron the frog's legs twitched. Galvani decided that the electric current must be in the tissues of the frog itself.

Hans Oersted

Alexander Volta of Pavia repeated Galvani's experiments, but believed that the current was set up by the contact of two dissimilar metals. To test the theory he made an electric battery, with alternate discs of copper and zinc steeped in sulphuric acid, with wires attached to the top and bottom discs. He found that electricity was generated, and the first battery was in the world.

Then came the turn of Hans Christian Oersted, the great Dane. A poor doctor's son, he was a child of genius, whose hard work and patient research led him to the grand conception that magnetism and electricity are the same thing. Now came the second great hour. He

A Champion of the Future



Boys and girls are now taking up golf with keen interest, and this young player hopes to be a champion when she grows up.

was experimenting with one of Volta's batteries when by chance he placed the wire near a small magnetic compass needle, and the electrified wire caused the needle to turn. Oersted's theory was proved by a chance event in a class room.

Then came the third and greatest of all these magic hours. Armed with Oersted's discovery, our incomparable Faraday, ten or a dozen years later, was toying at the Royal Institution with a magnet and a coil of wire when he observed that if the coil were moved quickly in the neighbourhood of the magnet a current of electricity was generated in the coil, the opposite of Oersted's fundamental discovery. This was the top step of the ladder leading into the new world of knowledge.

Oersted turned the magnetic needle; Faraday made the magnet electrify wire—generate current and produce power. Volta's cell was a fountain of current to ring a bell; Oersted's and Faraday's joint efforts gave us the electric telegraph, electric trains, electric trams, electric cranes, the power for

light, heat, and a thousand wonderful industrial and scientific processes.

The magnet furnishes the current which fires the petrol-vapour in the engine of every motor-car, aeroplane, airship, and submarine. Every wireless message and every wireless sentence voiced across the deep by telephone derive their power from the dynamo born of Faraday's happy accident.

CYCLING ON A RIVER

It is quite possible now to cycle comfortably on water. Miss Zetta Hills has proved it in riding her bicycle on the Thames from Richmond to Temple Pier, a distance of 15 miles.

It is claimed by the makers of her cycle that the arrangement of paddles by which it is worked can be fitted equally well to motor-cars, so that they can take to the water if it be necessary. Shall we live to see motor-cars crossing a river as they now cross a road?

Water-cycling will never supersede road travel, but it may be useful where there is water but no road.

THE GREAT STORMS

FLOODED ALPINE
VALLEYS

Simplon Railway Under Water

A CRACKING GLACIER

Great floods in the Alpine valleys have been stopping some of the chief railway lines of Europe, and threatening villages that in summer attract holiday people from all the world.

The Alpine valleys have first been ground out by the deep, creeping beds of ice called glaciers, and then cut more deeply by the streams that hurry down from the glaciers as they melt and withdraw higher up the valleys.

When heavy rains fall they rush irresistibly down the steep hillside, and swell the streams into raging torrents that scatter ice blocks and stones over the flat lands of the widening valleys; and, as the railways always follow the valleys, they are liable to be covered deep with the refuse washed from the hills, or they may even be swept away.

Valley Becomes a Lake

This has happened in the great Swiss east-to-west valley of the River Rhone. Starting high up in a glacier, the Rhone cuts for itself a deep upper valley, and then spreads out into a flat trough of land a mile or two wide, between two mountain ranges.

Through this valley runs the Simplon Railway, coming from France and going on into Italy; but the flood waters, racing down from the mountains by many side valleys into the flat central trough, have swept away the railway in several places and flooded the valley till for miles it has been a lake, with the great railway beneath its waters.

The flooding has been repeated in the French valley farther to the south that carries the railway up to the Mont Cenis tunnel, on the way to Turin, in Italy. The waters have rolled down rocks and tree-trunks till the railway is obstructed.

Valley Strewn with Boulders

One of the strangest outbursts of the storm was seen at the French mountain resort Chamonix, at the foot of Mont Blanc. The Mont Blanc range stretches alongside the Chamonix valley, seamed with glaciers, one of the largest being the Mer de Glace, or sea of ice.

Upon this glacier the rains descended in torrents, percolated through crevices to the earth below, and then flowed from under the end of the glacier in a torrent. Soon the ice itself began to be broken off by the rushing stream, and was carried down in blocks large and small, till the valley in which the village lay, or through which the little river draining the glacier passed, was strewn with boulders of stone and ice.

Happily, no lives were lost, for the people were roused by the noises from the bursting glacier, and were on the alert. The damage is said to be two million pounds.

THE WORLD AND ITS COAL BOX WAS ANYTHING EVER SO STUPID?

Short of Fuel that is Waiting for Us in Millions of Tons

TRANSPORT GONE CRAZY

The present coal situation throughout the world is indeed amazing. Here is a material essential to civilised life, and Nature has so bountifully supplied the earth that there is more than enough coal to meet all the human needs for thousands of years to come. Yet coal was never so difficult to get as now.

A few years ago the International Geological Congress prepared an estimate of the world's available coal supplies, based on the observations of geologists in different countries, and they came to the conclusion that there were nearly seven and a half million million tons of coal lying at a depth not greater than 4000 feet, and accessible for use. Here are the figures for the continents.

Africa . . .	57,839,000,000 Tons
America . . .	5,105,528,000,000 Tons
Asia . . .	1,279,586,000,000 Tons
Europe . . .	784,190,000,000 Tons
Australasia . . .	170,410,000,000 Tons

All kinds of mechanical devices are now used to sink shafts, cut galleries, render the workings safe and healthy, raise the coal to the surface, clean and sort it, and deliver it to the consumer; yet today the whole world is crying out because it cannot get coal.

The quantities available are most uneconomically distributed. One would naturally suppose that in the various countries the nearest supplies would be used. But what do we see? All over the world there is a strange carrying of the coal to and fro as if for the mere sake of the journey. Coal from the south is carried north, while northern coal passes it in ships going south.

Where Coal Output is Growing

Denmark receives coal from China across a distance of 13,000 miles, and Norway receives supplies from Australia on the other side of the world.

Yet New Zealand, which is next door to Australia, only a thousand miles away, sends all the way to South Africa for coal supplies. England sends coal to South America, and then brings other coal across the Atlantic from the United States. Yet the British coalfields have 189,533,000 tons of available coal. The continent of Europe has been buying coal from all over the world, yet she has about 800,000,000 tons of her own waiting to be dug out.

The most astonishing fact, however, in connection with this strange coal mix-up is the way China has developed as a coal-supplying nation. Formerly she bought from us, but now she is able to supply the whole of her own needs, amounting to twenty million tons a year, and to sell fuel to other countries which were formerly British customers. It is interesting to know that while other coal-owning nations are bemoaning decreased output, China is increasing her output.

America's Huge Coal Supplies

Her reserves are enormous, estimated by some geologists at nearly a million and a half million tons, sufficient to supply the world's needs for a thousand years.

The coal deposits of North America are the largest in the world. In the United States the coal area covers about 200,000 square miles, while the known supplies of Canada, covering 30,000 miles, contain 172,000,000,000 tons.

Here are vast supplies of fuel waiting to be taken and used, here we live in the age of mechanical appliances, and yet it looks as if the whole world would have to shiver for want of coal during the coming winter. Truly it is a strange world. If the nations would organise for peace as they do for war what happiness might not come to mankind. See World Map

NEW PRESIDENT IN EUROPE

MILLERAND FOR FRANCE

Great Man Who Loves to Play Dominoes at Home

OR TO TAKE HIS DOG A WALK

M. Millerand, who was the French Prime Minister, has been elected President of the Republic in M. Deschanel's stead, and all France and Europe applaud the choice. Here is a charming picture of the new President at home, taken from the Times.

In his home life M. Millerand is the very type of the industrious, thrifty, shrewd, domesticated French citizen. The Frenchman is more of a family man than the average Englishman. He goes to his café in the evenings, but he takes his wife with him, and his home is even more his castle than the Englishman's. M. Millerand is very French.

A great part of his leisure, whether actually at home or at his favourite form of exercise, walking, he spends with his wife and some, or all, of his children (there are four of them). He makes no secret of his dislike of functions and his preference for a meal with his family.

Early Morning Walk

In two things, however, M. Millerand is not French. He does not like wine and he does not believe in the "little breakfast" of roll and coffee. He believes in eggs or cold meat on which to start the day's work well. This is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, as he gets up at six and goes for an hour's tramp before sitting down to breakfast at eight.

For lunch, on the other hand, which comes after work from nine till one, he takes nothing but a cup of tea. After that, work again at two until five, and from five till eight sees a rapid succession of callers on all sorts of quests. For the most part he is talking to a new person on a new subject every five or ten minutes, and it is said that he never answers "I'll see." He decides then and there.

At half-past eight there is dinner, and after that, whenever there is a chance, M. Millerand indulges in his favourite game of dominoes. But dominoes is for the evening. By day, when he can escape from the cares of work, his greatest pleasure is to go off on a brisk walk, alone or with some of his family—and his dogs. *Portrait on Back Page*

MOVING A BUILDING

A Builder's Feat at Glasgow

CLERKS AT WORK WHILE THE OFFICE TRAVELS

We have heard of buildings in America being moved bodily from place to place, and now such a case has occurred in Britain even more wonderful than the trans-Atlantic feats.

A two-storey iron-and-concrete building, sixty feet square, which was used at Burnside, near Glasgow, as an office and store, was found by its owners, a building company, to be in the way of a row of houses they wished to erect.

To take down the building and re-erect it elsewhere would have cost a thousand pounds, and the owners therefore came to the conclusion that it would be cheaper to move it bodily.

A large wooden platform, resting on iron rollers, was introduced under the building, and when all was ready the entire structure was moved slowly from its old position by means of a system of winches and wire ropes.

Meanwhile the work of the office went on as usual; even the telephones were not disturbed, remaining in full operation during the whole of the removal. The building was drawn successfully to its new site, and the total cost of the removal was one-third of what it would have been had the building been taken down in the usual way and re-erected.

THE LEAGUE AT WORK

Straightening Out the Problems

NEW STRIP OF LAND FOR BELGIUM

The League of Nations is at last beginning its work 'hopefully,' and has proved its usefulness in many ways.

It is sending three commissioners to the Aaland Islands, in the Baltic Sea, to report on the position there and suggest a settlement. The islands belong geographically to Finland; but the people, who speak Swedish like the Swedes and once formed part of the Swedish nation, wish to join Sweden again. Finland, however, says she will not give them up, and it is to investigate and settle a difficulty of this kind that the League of Nations exists.

Then the League has also considered a protest by Germany against the manner in which a vote was taken in a strip of land between Belgium and Germany. The people voted by a big majority for joining Belgium, and the League has decided that the vote was properly taken and that Eupen and Malmédy are now Belgian and not German.

Paderewski's Handshake

Further, the League hopes to settle the boundary line between Lithuania and Poland, and after its inquiry the representatives of the two countries shook hands in the friendliest way. "I offer you my hand," said M. Paderewski, the great pianist turned statesman; "as symbol of the lasting friendship which should reign between our two countries."

But, unhappily, since then distrust has broken out afresh, as the Poles believe the Lithuanians are giving quiet help to the Russian Bolsheviks, who are massing again to attack Poland near the Lithuanian border.

The President of the Council of the League of Nations is a great Frenchman, M. Bourgeois, who is deeply respected throughout Europe. *Picture on Back Page*

SNAKE UNDER THE PILLOW

A Sleeper's Surprise

A little knowledge saves much fright when snakes are about. The rumour has gone round that big snakes have routed people from a house in North Wales.

No doubt it is the tales of the snakes of other lands that frighten British folk, such tales, for instance, as the last from Singapore, telling how, in the Malacca peninsula, a Baptist minister, waking in the morning, found his pillow unusually hard, and on moving it to see the reason why, uncovered a deadly cobra, on whose coiled-up body he had been resting his head.

That is a position that excuses fear, but there are no such happenings in Great Britain. The fact is that the viper is the only harmful British snake, and it is not big. It is easily recognised by the zigzag band along its back, and it is only dangerous when you tread on it.

All big English snakes are grass snakes, and though they may be four feet long they are quite harmless. These, no doubt, were the snakes that caused a stampede in Wales, because to get away from snakes is a human instinct. Still, there is no need to fear any British snake except the viper, the snake with the zigzag band.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Aaland	Ah-land
Charibert	Shar-ee-bare
Jacobean	Jack-o-bee-an
Kosciusko	Kos-ee-us-ko
Logie	Lo-jie
Millerand	Meel-er-on
Oersted	Er-sted
Smillie	Smile-ee

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Ford motor-cars in America have all come down to pre-war prices.

A group of children at Leighton Buzzard were found playing shop with £5 notes.

The carcass of a whale 82 feet long has drifted into a cave near Bragar, Stornoway.

Somebody has recalled the fact that the British Navy has never lost a ship by striking an iceberg.

Rapid Transit

A correspondent at Ludlow has just received a postcard posted at Northampton on July 25, 1907.

Child Organist

Harold Nash, a boy of twelve, has been appointed organist at the Abbey Road Baptist Church, Northampton.

Rowing Across the Channel

The chief of the Boulogne fire brigade, 63 years old, has rowed across the Channel to Folkestone in 5 hours and 25 minutes.

Travelling Libraries

It is proposed to organise travelling libraries for rural districts, the books being taken round at regular intervals by motor lorries.

Air Watchmen

A Quebec firm owning 8000 square miles of forest have bought seaplanes and engaged ex-Royal Flying Corps officers to act as aerial patrols.

The Taxi Men

A builder near Guildford, in Surrey, finds it profitable to send his men to work in a taxi rather than pay them two shillings an hour for walking there.

A Present from Jerusalem

A silver lamp which hung in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem has been presented to Rochester Cathedral, where it will now occupy a place of honour.

A Farmer's Seeds

A farmer in France is said to have obtained huge increases in his crops by preparing his seeds before they were sown. Great results are expected from his method of treatment.

Fate of a Church

Fifty years ago a church was pulled down in London to make room for St. Pancras Station. Now water has undermined the foundations of the church that was built in its place.

Saving the Land

Over two thousand acres of waste land have been rendered fertile by the Kent Agricultural Committee, and have this year produced 148 stacks of corn, with crops of roots and potatoes.

A Big Egg

A reader at Castleford, in Yorkshire, has found in a nest in the back yard a hen's egg 6½ in. round sideways and 8½ in. round lengthways. Its weight was 4½ ounces, and it had three yolks.

Canada's Wheat

It is expected that the Canadian wheat crop for this year will be nearly 300 million bushels, an increase of over 100 million bushels over last year. The oat crop is expected to yield 550 million bushels.

A Dog and Its Barks

A reader who has lived in Western Australia writes that his dog had two quite different barks—one for human beings and one for animals. Often it was dark and he could not see, yet he gave two different kinds of warnings for the approach of animals or humans.

Boys on the Buffers

As an express train was passing through Rugby Station two boys were seen sitting on the buffers. As the first stop was 160 miles away a telephone message was sent on to Nuneaton, where the train was pulled up and the boys arrested. They had ridden 100 miles in this dangerous way.

A MATCH IN AN OIL TANK TERRIFIC EVENT IN THE DOCKS

The Tremendous Force Pent Up in an Atom

THE WHIRLING MOLECULES

An empty barge which was about to be repaired in a London dock exploded the other day with a terrific crash, doing immense damage and killing seven men.

The barge was a tanker which had been used for the conveyance of oil, and it is supposed that the remains of the petroleum had vaporised, and that the gas had been accidentally set alight by a workman with a match or lamp.

The force of an explosion of this kind is terrific, and it is well that we should know how and why gas explodes. When a substance is in gaseous form it occupies infinitely more space than if it were liquid or solid, and the reason is that the molecules—or tiny particles—of which it is composed, instead of being packed closely together as in a liquid or solid, have spaces between them, and thus the gas is spread out.

Billion Molecules in a Speck

The molecules are made up of smaller particles called atoms, and atoms are made up of electrons. Different substances have different numbers of atoms in their molecules. Thus a molecule of hydrogen gas consists of two atoms. It is very difficult to realise how small all these particles are. A volume of hydrogen no larger than a speck of dust contains a billion molecules.

Suppose we could take a quantity of hydrogen as big as a hazel-nut and magnify it to the size of the earth, each atom would be no bigger than a golf ball; and a cubic foot of gas magnified ten thousand trillion times would swell into a universe as thickly populated with atoms as the Milky Way with stars. The electrons are so small that if an atom were magnified to the size of a theatre the electrons would be the size of a fullstop in this page.

Weight of an Atom of Gas

Such is the composition of a gas, and all the time the atoms are circling round one another and the molecules are darting about at over a mile a second.

The amount of energy stored up in an atom is incredible. An atom of hydrogen gas weighs only a 300,000 millionth part of a grain, and yet, according to Sir J. J. Thomson, a cubic foot of this gas, weighing a little over three-quarters of an ounce, contains enough energy to produce the heat of 840 tons of burning coal.

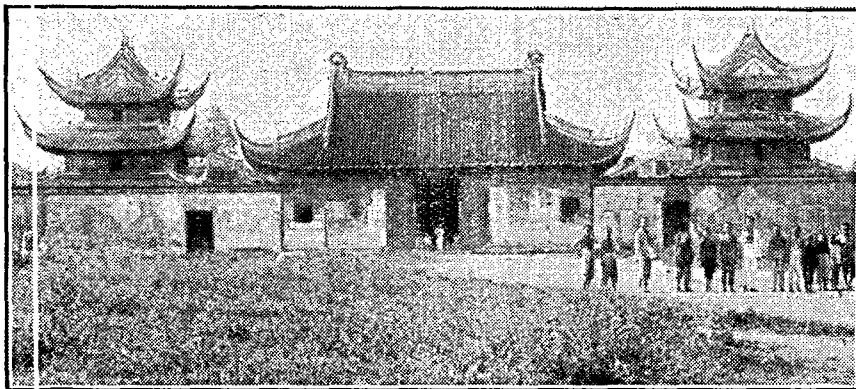
Now, what happened on the fatal barge? The gas was, of course, not hydrogen, but something much more complex. A light taken into the tank heated the particles of gas immediately round the flame, and raised the temperature sufficiently for them to burn, which means that the atoms in the petroleum gas combined with the atoms of oxygen in the air. This burning, which science calls chemical combination, is the mightiest force in the universe.

Why a Gas Explodes

When the molecules of gas had their temperature raised by the flame of the match, their energy was tremendously increased, for heat is only another form of energy, and they rushed about with terrific speed. Then, just as a billiard ball which cannons another sets it in motion, so the moving molecules communicated their motion to the other molecules, and the whole mass of gas was instantly in violent commotion.

Heat causes any gas to expand, because, being energy, it makes the molecules move about more violently and spread out more. In an explosion millions upon millions of molecules whirl about with incredible velocity, and nothing can resist the accumulated effect of their impact. In this case the sides of the barge were blown out.

SCENES IN FAMINE-STRICKEN CHINA



Honan-fu, a city in the centre of the famine area



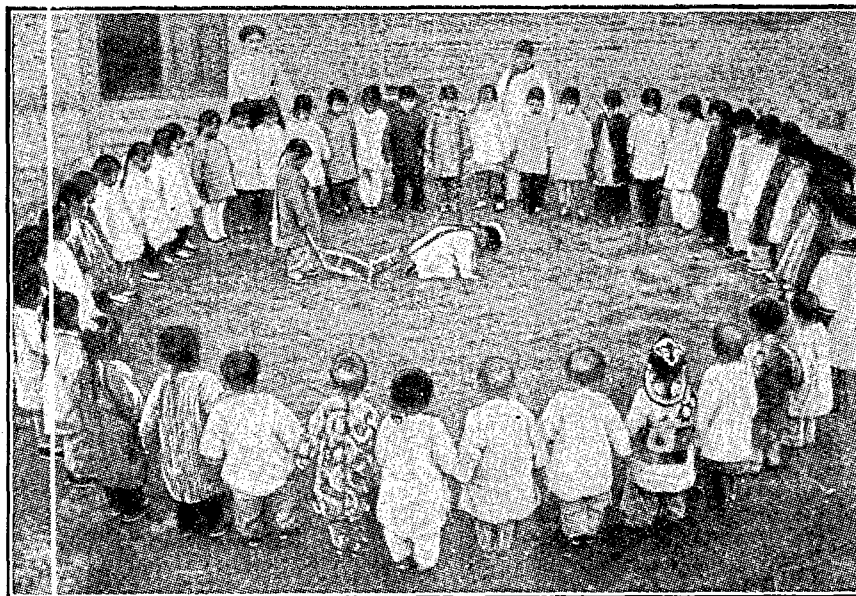
A family ready to sell itself into slavery in order to obtain food.
A child realises about eight shillings



Typical boat girls of the Hoang-ho river in Honan



The method of carrying children in the famine districts



School children of Honan learning how to plough

A terrible famine is raging in the great Chinese province of Honan, and an appeal is now being made to the rest of the world to come to the rescue of the starving people

THE GREAT RACE FOR BOYS

WORLD'S CALL TO YOUNG ADVENTURERS

Your Country Needs You Now

EVERY SCHOOL MUST MAKE HASTE

In every school and college throughout these islands this message should be given, "Make haste and grow up! Your country needs you. A great race has begun between the nations, and the nation with the best youth will win."

What is this race? It is a relay race that carries the runners far across the seas, to every island and continent on the globe, into the desert and the jungle, into cities old as the Pharaohs, into harbours still a-building. The runners are scattered over the whole wide world.

Never was there such a day for the merchant marine of Great Britain. Never in the days of sailing ships was there greater promise for the boy who wants to go to sea. Never was there a more golden opportunity for adventure. The world is starving for raw materials, and the race of the world is to find them.

America Racing Ahead

Every nation is sending out its youth to discover such things as cotton, silk, hemp, jute, wool, hides, drugs, rubber, oil, copper, gold, silver, pearls, spices, and every form of food.

These things are needed in every country, and the country which gets most of them will first recover from the ruin of the war. America is going ahead—full steam ahead. She has bought in the last year 85 per cent. more raw materials than she bought in the previous year.

The increase is enormous. And it is not only America that is racing ahead. Germany has her runners all over the world; so has Japan. If we are to keep our place we must strain with every nerve of the body and with all the fire of the soul, which means that our youth must get busy, our youngest and our strongest must rush ahead of their fathers and outdo anything we have done before.

Developing the World

There is an ugly side to this international race, but there is a bright side, too, and if it is run fairly it is a fine and bracing struggle. England may fairly claim that where her adventurous sons have gone searching for raw materials during the last hundred years, there the life of the natives has been lifted up to a higher plane. It is possible for the runners of commerce to be as useful and as friendly to all the people they deal with as Livingstone was to the people of Africa.

This is what makes the future of the world worth while. This is what makes the race for raw materials an inspiration to Youth. Trade means the development of the world. It means turning the jungle into a garden, and filling the desert with the beauty of harvest.

Nobility of Trade

Romance has turned her face away from war. She will have no more to do with killing. Killing has been proved to be a horrible, shameful, unchivalrous business. Trade is a nobler field, and offers all the old adventures. The whole earth is full of buried treasure. The business of life is a gigantic hide-and-seek, played by Nature and Man. Here Romance has her opportunity; here Trade has its great adventure.

The race for raw materials in new markets is one of the greatest things now happening in the world, and we must make haste and fling ourselves into it with real enthusiasm if the nation is to enjoy prosperity and peace.

It is a great age for the boys of Britain, and the girls, too. Once more the seas are calling for our young adventurers.

CANTERBURY SECRET SEARCH FOR KING, QUEEN, AND BISHOP

Lost Graves of Long Ago SHALL WE FIND QUEEN BERTHA?

At Canterbury, the religious capital of England, excavations of great interest are now being carried on in the hope of uncovering the tombs of our first Christian king and queen and the earliest archbishops, who from that city organised the conquest of the country from heathendom.

If any place deserves to be called holy ground it is Canterbury, and the most sacred spot in it is the ruined chapel, now heaped over with the dust of eight hundred years, where are the graves of Queen Bertha of Kent, Ethelbert the king, and Augustine, the leader of the mission from Rome which re-planted Christianity in Southern England after it had almost succumbed before the Saxon invasion.

Bertha's Marriage

First of those three names we place that of Queen Bertha. A daughter of Charibert, king of the Franks, who reigned in Paris, Bertha married King Ethelbert of Kent on the condition that her religion should be respected; and so an ancient chapel, dating from Roman-British times, was allotted for her worship, under a bishop who accompanied her from France.

Queen Bertha was thus in England as a Christian witness before Augustine, and his forty monks, and no doubt her influence gained the mission its friendly welcome, though her husband, Ethelbert, was not yet a believer.

The next year, however, the king, who now had been baptised, founded a monastery for Augustine's followers and built a new church, where Bertha and himself were buried.

A Fire of Long Ago

This church was not where the present cathedral stands; the cathedral belongs to a later age. And, indeed, the church of Ethelbert and Bertha and Augustine was burned down in the year after the Norman Conquest, after their bodies had lain there in honour for over 450 years.

But after the fire, when rebuilding had been carried on for over twenty years, the bodies of the royal pair and the first archbishops were removed into the new chapel of St. Anne, and, curiously, it is very well known from writings penned over 800 years ago where these tombs must be, though all trace of them has been lost from the surface of the earth.

The Lost Graves

When the bodies were being removed, 475 years after the death of Ethelbert, a busy monk named Goscelin was living in Canterbury. He had travelled widely and was a ready historian of events that impressed him, and he wrote such a minute description of the surroundings of the buildings of Canterbury that, though 829 more years have passed, it seems quite possible, with the help of his notes, to dig down and unearth their mouldering foundations, and perhaps we may even find the stone coffins of Bertha and Ethelbert and Augustine.

That is what they are hoping to do in Canterbury, and the place where they are digging is the laundry of Canterbury Hospital—so strangely have our modern generations forgotten, covered up, and trodden underfoot, the graves of those whose memory should never pass away.

STORY-BOOK OF THE MAYFLOWER

An admirable story of the Mayflower, re-told for children by H. G. Tunnicliffe, B.A., has been published by the Epworth Press at 2s. 6d. It is called "The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers," and could hardly be improved as a simple school-book.

THE FARMERS AND THE JELLY-FISHES

Much Ado for Next to Nothing

FOUR POUNDS FROM A TON

Old-fashioned farmers laugh at science, saying they cannot abide "new-fangled notions," and that what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them. But it is now the turn of science to laugh.

As we read in a recent issue of the C.N., the Kentish coast was lately visited by a colony of jelly-fishes, and farmers and allotment-holders, with horses and carts and wheelbarrows, made haste to collect the visitors and hurry them on to the land as manure. That is why science laughs in turn.

For the jelly-fish consists almost entirely of sea-water! A specimen weighing five pounds when removed from the sea evaporates. The water in it dries up, and there remains only a film of matter weighing a few grains.

But the Kent farmers are by no means the first of their craft to try jelly-fish as manure. Many cart-loads of the tempting material were taken up by Scottish farmers and transferred to the land. When the farmers were congratulating themselves on the prospect of bumper crops a scientist appeared in their district and lectured about jelly-fish. At the conclusion of the lecture a farmer waited on him in much perplexity. If it were true, he asked, that jelly-fish are chiefly water, then what would be the profit to him for all the horses, carts, and men he had employed in his work of jelly-fish cartage?

"Well, of a ton of jelly-fish there will remain *four pounds of solids*," was the staggering reply. Out of 560 pounds of jelly-fish, that is, the farmer can use *one*.

GERMANY'S NEW POOR Bitter Truth at Last

Germany's aristocratic families, at any rate, have learned the bitter truth about war at last.

One of the Berlin papers tells us how many are driven to accept posts as waiters in restaurants, and we have a tragic picture, which is said to apply to hundreds of thousands all over Germany:

"Their names may be older than the dynasties which have disappeared from



A Berlin cartoon of the new poor in Germany

the scene, or their titles may have been created a few years ago.

"They may have been high up in the powerful bureaucracy before the war. They may have commanded brigades or regiments. They may have lived on pensions from the State or on incomes from stocks or bonds.

"But whatever may have been their position in the past or their special misfortune in the present, they are all realising the bitter truth of Franklin's saying that the cost of war is not paid for in war-time, but afterward."

ROW OF HOUSES TO LET

Splendid Situation Near a Railway Station WITHIN EASY DISTANCE OF TOWN AND READY FOR TENANTS

By Our Country Correspondent

I know a whole row of neat little houses which are to let. They are thoroughly well-built with cement walls, and are situated in a main road within easy distance of town, and not more than ten minutes from a railway station where there is a good service of fast trains. Motor buses pass the doors, and the position is lively without being unduly noisy.

The situation is high and dry, the houses are nicely sheltered from the prevailing winds, and they enjoy the maximum of sunshine all the year round. The country round about is beautiful, and there is a glorious view from all the windows.

The rents are ridiculously low, and there are no rates to pay.

The tenants who have been occupying these houses for some time past have, curiously enough, all gone abroad at the same time, and the houses are now vacant and ready for new tenants. So far no one seems to have applied for possession, in spite of their pleasant and convenient situation.

Pleasant Neighbours

If they continue to be empty, probably next year the old tenants will return and resume occupation. They certainly make excellent neighbours, being lively and interesting, perfectly respectable, and very regular in their habits. I knew them well, and always enjoyed their company. They all had children who were very nice and well behaved, and I was sorry when they went away. I only hope the next occupants will be as pleasant.

As a matter of fact, the houses were built by the tenants themselves, who were both good architects and clever practical builders. The houses are situated just under the eaves of my roof, they are built of clay, and were formerly inhabited by the house martins, who brought up their little families in them and have now gone off to Central Africa till next spring, when they will probably return and come to occupy the old homes once again, if some other tenant does not meanwhile take possession, which is rather unlikely.

SON OF BIRMINGHAM Keeping James Watt's Memory Green

Birmingham is anxious, as we have already noted in the C.N., to do honour to one of its greatest sons, James Watt, and the efforts of the Memorial Committee, begun last year at the 100th anniversary of his death, have now resulted in a fund of £16,600.

It is proposed to devote this to the establishment of an organisation which will be a lasting testimony to Watt, whose genius created an invention which brought a wonderful new era to the industrial life of the nation.

The bulk of the subscriptions have mostly come from scientific sources, and notably there is one from the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, thus assuring us that the industrial world's debt of gratitude to the man who triumphed over adversity in a garret a century ago is not forgotten.

The fund has for its main object the promotion of the scientific investigation of new sources of power, and there surely could be no better method for keeping green the memory of Watt.

Some of the money will probably be expended on a monument, and it is hoped that Watt's house at Handsworth will be preserved for the city.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY BATTLE THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Great Man's Work Crowned After Nearly 12 Centuries

PATRIOT FOR POLAND TO REMEMBER

- Oct. 10, Charles Martel defeated Moors at Tours 732
- 11. Sir Thomas Wyatt, poet, died at Sherborne 1542
- 12. Robert Stephenson died in London . . . 1859
- 13. Sir Henry Irving died at Bradford . . . 1905
- 14. William Penn born in London . . . 1644
- 15. Kosciusko died at Soleure, Switzerland. 1817
- 16. Houses of Parliament destroyed by fire . 1834

Charles the Hammer

CHARLES THE HAMMER, or Charles Martel, who won a battle that changed the history of the world, was a viceroy who with the title "Mayor of the Palace" ruled the kingdom of the Franks, the part of the world now occupied by the French and the Germans.

The kings of the Franks were nobodies, and Charles Martel was the last of the Mayors of the Palace who ruled for them. His son, Pepin, became the real king, and Charles's grandson was the fine emperor Charlemagne.

Exactly 100 years after the death of Mohammed, the Asiatic and African races that had accepted the religion he founded had passed, conquering, into Europe, and become masters of Spain. Crossing the Pyrenees they reached central France. But there, at Tours, Charles and his Franks met the Moors in a battle which crushed their power north of the Pyrenees completely. That was why he was given his name of the Hammer. His was the first great victory turning back Mohammedanism from the conquest of Europe, and it braced the nations of the West to resist Saracens and Turks for 1000 years.

Only in this year, 1920, have we seen Mohammedanism as a ruling power dislodged from Europe by the treaty with defeated Turkey. That ends the work Charles Martel began 1188 years ago.

Sir Thomas Wyatt

SIR THOMAS WYATT was a Kentish gentleman of the reign of Henry the Eighth who acted abroad as an ambassador in different European countries, and from Italy brought home the art of writing tuneful poetry.

In the three or four generations that had passed between Chaucer and Wyatt English poetry had lost its sweetness and had become harsh in sound. Wyatt brought in from Italy new forms—like the sonnet—and new measures, and, with his follower, the Earl of Surrey, he started the fashion of lyric grace that reached perfection in the reign of Elizabeth.

It was this Thomas Wyatt's son, also Sir Thomas, who was beheaded on Tower Hill for commanding in a rebellion against Queen Mary I. on behalf of Lady Jane Grey when Queen Mary would marry our national enemy, the cruel Philip of Spain.

Kosciusko

THE revival of Poland as an independent nation should bring to remembrance again the career of the splendid Polish patriot Kosciusko.

He was educated as a soldier, and fought with brilliant ability and bravery against the nations that wiped Poland off the map of Europe, but he was defeated through want of unity in Poland, and "Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

In the American Revolution he fought against the English, and was George Washington's adjutant and right-hand man. Napoleon again and again tried to induce him to take a French command, but he would not, except to gain freedom for Poland. He was equally determined not to help Poland in aggressive warfare; in fact, he was the ideal of the soldier that Poland much needs today.

The doctor was a son of a distinguished minister of religion, into whose enlightened home such foolish superstitions would hardly penetrate; but Sir James Simpson, under whom he studied, came of a family in which, as in pagan days, a cow was sacrificed as an offering to a supposed evil spirit to which cattle plague was ascribed.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 9 1920

Think Big

THERE was once a very lovable parson who always replied when asked if he were High Church, Low Church, or Broad Church, "I never call myself names!" That was a good plan.

Now we have one of the cleverest men in the United Kingdom telling Wales that she must not call herself names. He is a professor at the new University of Wales, an Oxford man of the widest culture who has come to love Wales, and says to her that it is absurd to call Wales a small nation. He uses this splendid phrase:

Nations are as small as they think themselves, and there is such a thing as thinking yourself into being small.

That is all very well, you may say, but, after all, Wales is small. Is she? Are you sure?

There are more than ten times as many Welshmen alive today as there were Athenians in the golden days of Athens, the days when Socrates walked in the sun and the stones of the Parthenon lifted themselves up to the stars. Was England a small nation in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth? There were not many more Englishmen alive in those immortal days than there are Welshmen now.

Suppose the Athenians and the Elizabethans had gone about the world calling themselves a small nation. Would they have given mankind its most eternal glory—the glory of Plato and the glory of Shakespeare?

No; it is a bad thing to call ourselves names. A novelist has been rebuking those people who like to call workmen "wage-slaves." He says that the hedgers and ditchers, the ploughmen and carters, who won Waterloo and many another battle for the world's freedom did not call themselves slaves, and would certainly have knocked down anybody who did so.

The workmen of Russia do seem to be slaves, but no Englishman living is the slave of any master. He is free to come and go. He may go to any part of the British Commonwealth and find himself a free man.

The professor in Wales gave the Welsh nation a motto. It is *Straighten your back*. It is a motto for us all. We do not want pride, self-assertion, pugilism, militarism, pushfulness, and vain-glory; but we do want, all of us, the dignity of self-respect.

Straighten your back!

Never call yourself names. Go through the great experience of life with an answering greatness in your own soul. There is such a thing as thinking yourself into being small; but, thank God, there is such a thing as thinking yourself into greatness.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



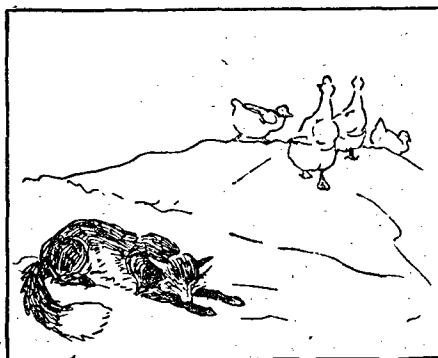
Old Laws in New Times

THINGS that once were good in their effects may turn bad when they grow too old and do not fit the changing times.

It seems to be so with the London Building Act, which says that rooms in houses must be a certain height. The rule meant well at first, for it gave air-space, though the height of windows is more important for fresh air than the height of walls. Now, however, the rule forbids and stops the building of houses that are badly needed.

Clearly here is a case of a law meant to be good, but turning bad through being too old to suit new needs.

Proverb of the Day



To an Idle Fellow
A sleeping fox catches no poultry

Pass It On

TWENTY men and women have formed a society to spread good fellowship all over the world.

It seems a big thing for twenty people to do, but acorns grow to mighty forests, and, after all, the world is slowly getting the right way up because twelve men banded themselves together to put it right nineteen centuries ago.

But what seems a very good thing about this new society is its little metal token—the coin of good fellowship. Like the Scouts and Guides, these new Crusaders will go through life doing good turns, and as they slip away, after soothing some aching heart, helping some lame dog over a stile, rescuing somebody from drowning, or showing some poor soul the way to heaven, they will leave behind them, as they pass on, a little metal token with the words:

A token of good feeling. Pass it on with a little friendliness to someone else.

So at last we have a piece of money that really will buy happiness, and we long to see the day when the coin of good fellowship will be more common than sovereigns. If every one of us will do a good turn, and pass on the good turns done to us, the troubles of the world will pass away.

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven for ever in the work of the world; by so much, evermore, the strength of the human race has gained.

RUSKIN

Too Much to Expect

WE have always thought a tram ride cheap enough, but a correspondent sends us a note of an angry passenger in a tramcar who complained to the conductor that the bell had not rung when she punched her ticket.

We are sorry the passenger was disappointed if she had gone in the tram to listen to the bell, but we love the reply of the lady conductor:

"Is it a ticket you want or a musical entertainment?"

Some people do seem to want too much in this world.

Tip-Cat

LORD READING finds "there are still troubles in some parts of the world." In all the other parts there are noisy ones.

A LOST cat has found its master after a journey of 67 miles. And it was then good for another lap.

BURGLARS have stolen 14,000 teeth from a London dentist. They must have forgotten he food shortage.

THE Kaiser has been making his will. We hope he has not left us Little Willie.

LORD SELBORNE is worried because "Parliamentary Government is at stake." He considers it a burning question.

THE poet-laureate of Montenegro is reduced to growing onions. Hence these tears.

"No girl," we read, "should marry a man whose head is flat." It isn't good form.

MR. A. G. THORNTON believes "we shall think tenderly of the railroad when it is no more." We shall feel sorry it had such hard lines.

"Why do they call it a ladybird, pa?" "Oh, just its name, sonny, that's all."

"But, pa, it isn't a real lady." "No, my boy, and it isn't a real bird, any more than a butterfly is a fly in the butter."

A Thing to be Altered

MANY things will be different when we are all grown up. It has just been stated in a war book that there was practically no leading statesman or soldier on our side who could speak French well in the war, and that the wonderful Clemenceau was the only Frenchman who even tried to speak English.

That, surely, is one of the things that will be altered. If all the world will not speak English we must hope that at least most English-speaking people will in future learn French as they learn arithmetic.

Something for Mother

By Our Country Girl in London

SATURDAY—that is to say, Pocket-money Day

A boy and girl, both dressed as sailors with a slight difference, came charging out of a turning into the main road. They were flushed with excitement; she had not waited to comb out her curly dark hair, nor had he lingered to remove the ink-stain from his chin. Evidently something was on foot which was of immense importance, and closing-time was at hand.

As they passed before me I heard her say eagerly:

"Anne says there is one for two-and-six at Smith's."

"It must be a mingy old thing," replied the boy firmly.

They walked very fast, and were ahead of me when we came to a shop full of chocolate hares, fishes, and Easter eggs. Here they halted. The bubbling excitement died down. Solemnly, with business-like seriousness, and with the devotion of a scholar transcribing an old parchment, they studied this delicious window.

"They are preparing for an orgy," I said, with the lofty contempt of one who has outgrown those days; "much they care for their father's bill at the doctor's."

But I had hardly passed them before they shot ahead once more, chattering importantly.

"You are sure you've got it all?" the girl asked.

"That's the third time of asking," grumbled the boy.

"Farthings do roll under things so easily," she apologised.

Presently a toyshop across the road attracted their attention. They zig-zagged before a bus, and narrowly escaped a motor-cycle, to flatten their noses on the magical window.

"They've been saving up," I reflected, "to buy a sailing-ship between them. No wonder they were excited: they have had to wait for this Saturday's coppers."

I wished them prosperous voyages across the Round Pond.

But I was wrong. For when I came out of the bookshop some time later I met them returning, more excited than ever, and the girl had an azalea in a pot in her arms.

As they passed I heard her say:

"Let's put it on the window-sill opposite the door, and then Mummie will see it directly she comes in!"

The boy murmured:

"Yes. But where can I have dropped that farthing?"

Frayer for a Fisherman's Child

FAR away, my little boatie,
Roaring waves are white with foam;

Ships are striving, onward driving,
Day and night they roam.
Father's at the deep-sea trawling,
In the darkness, rowing, hauling,
While the hungry winds are calling.

God protect him, little boatie,
Bring him safely home!

HENRY VAN DYKE

October 9, 1920

The Children's Newspaper

7

AN ANT AT THE GATES OF ROME

TRAGEDY OF A MISSION OF MERCY

American Invader Driving Italians from Their Homes INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGES

Rome, which has been seven times sacked, is undergoing the strangest invasion it has ever known.

What is called the Argentina ant has arrived, and has aroused such alarm as to call for a Government decree that its appearance in any home must be forthwith notified, like plague or other deadly malady. The ant's invasion is a product of the war, it having been carried, it is supposed, in bales of goods sent by the American Red Cross for the relief of the Italian people.

Alaric and his soldiers pillaged Rome for six days, but spared women and churches; the Argentine ant spares nothing. In its native land it gets into clothes and bedding and attacks their owners, so that houses are rendered uninhabitable by it; it eats foodstuffs, destroys fruit and crops and vegetables. Not that it is individually mighty; it is small, but it multiplies with great rapidity.

Great Damage by a Worm

So another bad international exchange has taken place. Asia sent us the cockroach and the grey rat, and we have passed both on to America, together with the mischievous sparrow and many injurious weeds, balancing matters by sending her the first of her countless legions of horses, cattle, and sheep.

Mexico, in 1893, sent her a cotton-boll weevil, which, spreading as these alien immigrants do, caused damage to cotton in nine American States amounting to 40 million pounds in a year; just as another weevil, the pinkboll worm, larva of a moth, did £10,000,000 worth of damage to Egyptian cotton in 1917.

We hear much of international exchanges now, but these natural exchanges of the nations are in constant progress. Rabbits and foxes are not the only plagues in Australia; the prickly pear, a cactus introduced from the New World, has covered 34,000 square miles, and, despite all barriers, marches on at the rate of 1600 square miles a year. Australia sent America a scale insect on some young lemon trees which threatened all the oranges and lemons of California with destruction; America has sent her, and us, her fatal "American blight," or woolly aphid.

Strange Weeds Invade New Lands

In New Zealand an English worthless grass clothes the roadsides, dock and watercress choke the rivers, sow thistle is spread all over the country to a height of 6000 feet up the mountain-sides, white clover kills the native grasses, eels kill the young fishes in the rivers and drown birds that go to drink.

America has lost probably hundreds of thousands of pounds through havoc wrought by caterpillars hatched from a few moth eggs introduced by accident into the country; and Australia mourns the loss to agriculture or pasturage of hundreds of thousands of acres surrendered to St. John's wort, all sprung from a few seeds planted in a lady's garden in Victoria 30 years ago.

In view of facts like these Rome may well shudder at her latest invasion, the invasion of an all-devouring ant from regions Caesar never knew.

THE PASS-IT-ON LEAGUE

The address of the Pass-it-on League, referred to on page 6, is 60, Talbot Road, Bayswater Road, W., and the founder is Mr. H. S. Hadley, editor of the Great Western Railway Magazine.

LET US HONOUR HIS NAME

WILLIAM FRANCIS STANTON, fisherman and lifeboat hero of Deal, has died of cancer at the age of 69, and his name ought to be honoured by us all.

For over 50 years he had been going out in lifeboats to save lives on the treacherous Goodwin Sands, and had helped to bring in hundreds who were waiting for a watery grave when he and his gallant comrades brought their boat to the rescue.

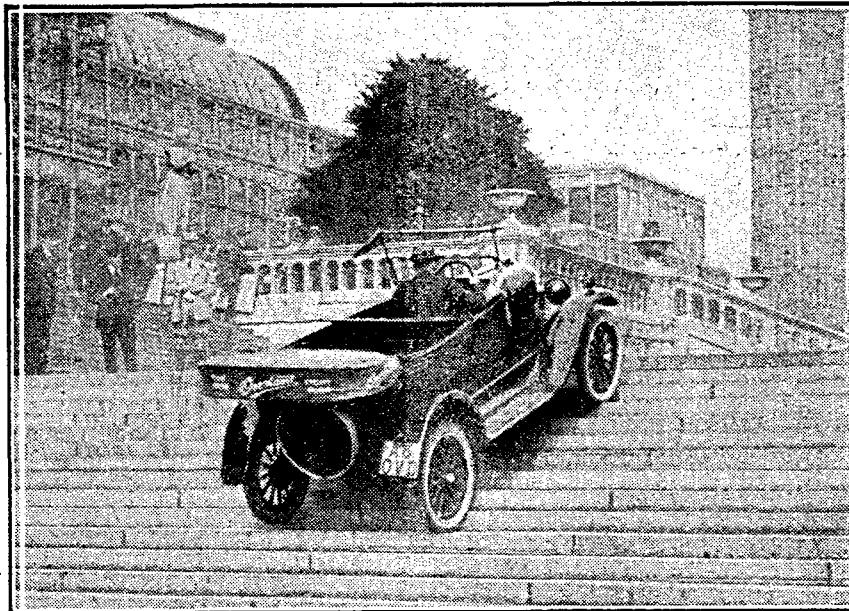
No one knew better than he every ridge and hollow of that deceitful trap for drifting ships.

His last adventure was as late as last winter, and was of a piece with the rest

of his heroic life. A November gale drove ships on the Goodwins, and twice the Deal boat went out and made gallant rescues till its crew became thoroughly exhausted.

William Stanton, in the meantime, lay ill in bed, where he heard that another ship was on the deadly sands. Ill as he was he rose, put on his oilskins and his lifebelt, gathered a volunteer crew, battled his way through the storm, and saved two sailors from a wreck. When he touched the shore again he collapsed. It was a noble ending to a noble life, keeping high the standard of manhood of the British coasts.

WHAT A MOTOR-CAR CAN DO



A motor-car runs up the steps at the Crystal Palace



And comes down again

The latest type of motor-car can do almost anything and travel anywhere. By an arrangement of springs jolting on bad roads is eliminated, and the car can even go up and down stairs without jarring the passengers. See page five

WHY WE MUST WATCH THE BLACK RAT

THE black rat is the rattiest and nattiest of rats. It was probably imported by the Crusaders, and was the first of the rat race in Britain.

In the beginning of the 18th century, however, its big, clumsy cousin, the brown rat, was introduced from Russia and soon almost entirely exterminated it, so that when the black rat is seen in this country now it is nearly always an immigrant brought in by ships, and is regarded with suspicion owing to the fact that it is subject to plague, and brings with it fleas which may serve to spread the much-dreaded disease.

The eastern counties are always specially liable to invasions by black rats, and black rats suffering from plague have several times in recent years infected human beings in these counties. The report that numbers of black rats have appeared in the eastern counties, therefore, gives some cause for alarm, particularly in view of the prevalence of plague in Central Europe and Russia.

But, on the other hand, our public health authorities are so energetic and efficient that an epidemic of plague in this country is extremely unlikely.

SHARK TO THE RESCUE

CURIOUS RESULT OF THE WAR

Monstrous Fish that will Help to Make Our Boots

FRIENDLY USE FOR AN OLD ENEMY

The Great War has had many unthought-of results, but could anything be stranger than that it should introduce to us the shark as a friend of man?

The shark has always been the sailor's pet aversion. It has been regarded as the unrelenting enemy of man, but now it is indeed to become his friend, for it is believed that the shark will solve the great problem of the leather shortage.

Leather was getting scarcer and dearer before the war, but the enormous needs of the armies used up all available reserves, and as leather is only a by-product it has hitherto been impossible to increase the supply, for no one could afford to keep animals merely to use their skins for tanning into leather.

Sharks Caught by Motor Boats

Now, however, an American scientist, who has spent ten years in studying and experimenting, has discovered a way in which the shark's skin can be treated so as to produce a strong, velvety leather suitable for boots, bags, upholstery, and a thousand and one other uses. It is as durable and supple as porpoise leather, which is really made from the skin of the white whale.

Enormous numbers of sharks exist in the waters round the American continent and Australia, and in all the seas the sharks must be sufficient to meet the world's needs in leather for years.

Already four shark-catching stations have been established in the United States, and it is believed that ten thousand skins will be dealt with daily. Forty other stations are being laid down, and before long the industry will be in full swing. The sharks are caught in nets laid by motor boats.

Feeding Fowls on Sharks

Every part of the creature is put to a useful purpose. The large fin is cut off and salted for sale to the Chinese, who regard it as a great delicacy, and the best parts of the body are cut into shark steaks for the use of white people, who are showing an increasing taste for this food. The inedible parts are turned into fertiliser and chicken food, the liver yields a valuable oil, the teeth are put to various uses and sell for about three-pence apiece, the blood supplies a good glue, and the gut is used for strings for musical instruments, tennis racquets, fishing lines, and so on. The hides are salted on the shore and then sent inland for tanning.

One great advantage of the shark is that it gives a very large skin of leather, and in the case of the giant devil-fish, which is being treated in the same way, a skin can be tanned into a single piece of leather 100 square feet.

Boots to be Cheaper

Boots and shoes made from shark leather will, it is said, cost about a third of ordinary leather goods and will wear better. Not only is the hide tanned, but also the softer tissues, which produce an excellent substitute for suede for the making of gloves, purses, and the lighter kinds of articles.

The same method of treatment serves equally well with various other sea creatures which have hitherto been regarded as of little or no commercial value. Truly necessity is the mother of invention, and not the least strange sequel of the world war is the welcoming of the shark as a useful friend of man—though he will eat us if he gets the chance! See World Map

THE MEAN MAN'S SPORT

GLORIOUS BIRDS THAT MAKE GOOD CAPS

And Sportsmen's Skins that Make Good Scalps

OUR FRIEND THE GREBE

By Our Athletic Correspondent

A writer in an evening paper the other day, writing about the game season and the shooting of grouse and partridges, had something to say about grebes. He quoted the opinion of some "sportsman" or other that these birds were "worth shooting for their skins, which make excellent tippets and travelling caps."

We seem to remember reading of that sort of justification put forward by Red Indians who hankered for the skins of white men, which make such excellent scalps, but somehow the reasoning did not convince us.

Here are some facts about the grebe which may make us feel that perhaps we are doing an injustice to the Red Indians in mentioning them in the same breath as these "sportsmen" who pull a wanton trigger on harmless and innocent birds.

Sanctuary for Birds

In the lovely bushland of the Adelaide hills an Englishman who will one day be famous has been living for thirty years. His name is Thomas Paine Bellchambers, and from his sanctuary in those Adelaide hills he is doing a great and noble work, trying to teach Young Australia to be gentle and kind to the weak and helpless among Nature's children.

Lately, with Sir Douglas Mawson, he has succeeded in persuading the Commonwealth Government to make Macquarie Island a sanctuary for the wonderful bird and animal life of the Antarctic, and one of the fruits of his work has been the refusal of that Government to renew a lease to an oil company operating there.

Allegations were made that thousands of penguins were steamed alive for their oil product to save the time that would otherwise be lost in killing them. In years gone by fur seals worth hundreds of thousands of pounds were exterminated by the sealers at Macquarie Island, and not a single specimen can now be found there. The island is a paradise of weird and wonderful life, and Mr. Bellchambers and Sir Douglas Mawson have seen to it that it shall remain so.

Cruel Feather Hunters

But to return to our grebes. Mr. Bellchambers cites chapter and verse for his charges that the cruel emissaries of the feather trade skin grebes alive to secure a greater lustre of plumage. The great crested grebe is one of the loveliest known specimens of waterfowl. The glossy white of its lower plumage and, in the breeding season, the crests coloured like golden chestnuts have always been a magnet for the slayers. The grebe is not easily shot. In autumn, on the Lake of Geneva, "sportsmen" make parties on the lake to hunt them down, the favourite method being to shoot at the bird as it dives, and pursue it relentlessly until, exhausted, it comes to the surface, an easy target for these brave men.

MACKEREL SIX A PENNY

Huge catches of mackerel have been made lately off the south and south-west coasts, and at Plymouth the fish were sold six for a penny. From Mevagissey, in Cornwall, half-a-million mackerel were sent to various markets. At other places the fish had to be thrown overboard, as there was no market for it.

INVENTIONS & IDEAS

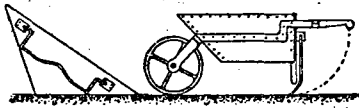
Things Just Patented

By Our Patent Office Expert

These inventions have been only just patented, and the Editor has no further information

AN EASILY LOADED BARROW

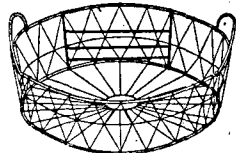
A wheelbarrow of a triangular shape, with movable legs and handle so that it can be placed on its side for easy loading.



The second picture shows a modified form of barrow with a flat bottom.

A BASKET FOR WASHING CROCKERY

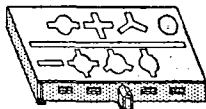
A wire basket in which crockery can be placed for washing and draining. Cross wires or partitions can be so arranged that the articles will rest at any angle. Handles



enable the whole apparatus to be lifted easily and carried from place to place.

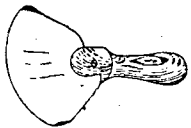
SIGNPOSTS FOR AIRMEN

A system of indicators marks out the position of an aerodrome to airmen. The signs are so shaped that they have the same appearance from two directions. They may be arranged on a roof and illuminated at night.



A PLATE AND DISH SCRAPER

A useful article for the scullery consisting of a flat plate of metal or wood turned up at the sides, so that not only the bottom of a pan or dish can be scraped, but the angle also. The whole is fitted into a suitable hard wooden handle.



A MAP FRAME

A plate or tray with a recess outlining the shape of a country in which, with clay or plasticine, a relief map can be built up, beads being used to represent towns, cords and ribbons rivers and railways, and pieces of glass or metal lakes. The plate may have holes through which wires can be passed to represent latitude and longitude.



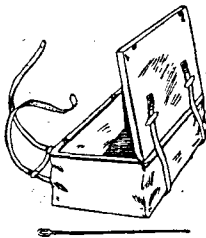
A COLLAPSIBLE FOOD COVER

A cover for a dish or plate made of gauze, with ribs that can be opened or shut so that when not in use the whole apparatus may be folded flat and put away without occupying very much space. The cover can be made various shapes according to need.



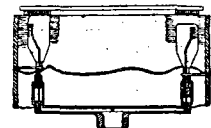
A FOLD-UP SUIT CASE

A suit case or travelling bag with a rimmed lid, the whole so made that the body collapses when empty. Corner pieces inside keep the bag extended when it is required for use. The bag is fastened by a padlock which holds in position a metal rod passing through lugs on both the rim and the lid.



A BOTTLE-CLEANING MACHINE

The bottles are inverted over nozzles provided with rubber cleaners for the inside, something like tooth-brushes. This brush is rotated, and cleans the inside, while stationary brushes clean the outside as the bottle rotates.



VOTES FOR 26,000,000 WOMEN

Odd Position in America

A very curious position has arisen in connection with the extension of the franchise to all women in America.

It happened not long ago that Tennessee voted in favour of women's franchise, and, this being the 36th State which did so, the fight was considered won; and there was great rejoicing among the 26 million women who looked forward to voting at the presidential election.

The law is that any amendment to the Constitution of the United States becomes effective after it has been proved by 36 States, so that the success of the women of Tennessee appeared to settle the matter.

Suddenly, however, the legality of the Tennessee vote was challenged on some technical ground, and it looked as if the American women might be disappointed after all, but happily another State (Connecticut) has now adopted the amendment, so that Tennessee cannot stop women from voting in any case.

"HIM WEN' HOME TO HIS MUVVER"

By Lady Aberdeen

Lady Aberdeen, for 20 years President of the International Council of Women, has been presiding over its meetings for the last time at Christiania, and we gladly give this fine passage from her address to the women of the world.

We hear in all countries cries for leadership, and the complaint that we have not the great men in these days that there were of yore. Are not these the calls of the race to be mothered afresh?

In a touching little book the story is told of a child who, instead of the traditional end to the fairy story, "and so they married and lived happily ever after," insisted on every story concluding with "him wen' home to his muvver." Heroes, princesses, bears, tigers, crocodiles, after every kind of nerve-thrilling adventure, all had "to come home to him's muvver."

And those millions who have acted the parts of heroes and heroines, enduring untold hardships, and who in the rebound from those years of pressure are creating now so much unrest for themselves and all about them—do they not need to "come home to their muvver"?

When they seem unable to settle down to steady work, when they make ever-repeated demands for increased pay, shorter hours, more recreation, more power to control the conditions under which they live, and when they take up first this cry and then the other which promises to lead them into that new world we were all promised the war would bring us, are they not in reality groping for the realisation of the ideals which great Mother Nature has breathed into our being?

And can all this striving after a better world be satisfied without the guiding hand of a strong mothering power which will gather under its wing all these seekers after truth and justice, restoring their faith that after all

God's in His Heaven

All's well with the world?

OLDEST FRIEND OF THE C.N.

Some day we shall know the oldest friend of the C.N. We have had them in the seventies, in the eighties, and in the nineties; now we hear from a reader in Southampton who introduces us to an old lady of 105, born in Waterloo year, who has spent many happy hours listening to the reading of these pages.

OLD MAN AND HIS ONE FRIEND

HOSPITAL FOR THE ANIMALS OF THE POOR

Ambulance Corps for Our Little Dumb Brothers and Sisters

A CHANCE FOR YOU

Every Tuesday and Friday you may see a strange procession in Harford Street, Mile End Road—men leading horses, women leading donkeys, lads leading goats, and boys and girls hurrying along nursing in their arms dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea-pigs, tame rats, singing birds, fowls, and pets of every sort and degree.

Number Seven Harford Street was once a chemist's shop: it is now the Whitechapel Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor.

The animals of Whitechapel, many of which are wonderfully human and some certainly better creatures than one or two human beings we happen to know about, are brought here to be cured of their aches and pains, as little boys and little girls are taken by their mothers to another kind of dispensary.

One day there came a very old man carrying in his arms a very old dog. The dog had been his only friend for many years, and was ailing.

The Faithful Dog

The officials examined the old dog. No wonder it could not eat! No wonder it could not walk! Age had brought to it a disease which made even breathing a pain. There was nothing for it but the lethal chamber.

This bad news was conveyed very gently to the old man, for to love animals is to love humanity. He broke down under the news. He couldn't think of life without his dog. The poor man shook and wept. Then he bowed to Fate, took farewell of his faithful dog, and walked towards the door.

But he stopped and came back to the counter, fumbling in his pocket. He produced three half-crowns, and dropped them into the collecting-box.

"I'd saved them up," he explained, "to buy her a little extra food as she got older; but she'll not want it now; you've been so kind to me, I'd like you to have the money."

Love for Animals

That is a case of love for animals. And, thank God, there are thousands of such cases throughout London—old women starving themselves to keep a cat contented and fat, girls spending their coppers to feed a canary, old men working a bit harder so that a mongrel may have a grand collar round its neck, little boys thinking more of their rabbits than of themselves.

Such boys and girls are now being enrolled in an Animal Protection Corps, and are taught how to take care of animals and birds. One of the duties of the juniors is:

To search waste tracts of land and other dumping grounds where unwanted, injured, and sick animals are often thrown and left to die, and to bring them to the Animal Shelter.

St. Francis Ambulance Corps

If we were to tell you some of the cases of suffering *deliberately inflicted* on horses, donkeys, goats, dogs, cats, kittens, and birds, you would cry out for dispensaries from one end of England to the other. But the best thing for you to do is to go round to 7 Harford Street, or to 11 Ranelagh Grove, Ebury Bridge, S.W. 1, which is the head office of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor, and enrol yourself as a member of the Animal Protection Corps.

There has long been a St. John's Ambulance Corps for men and women; and now there is this St. Francis Ambulance Corps for our little brothers, the animals, and our little sisters, the birds.

THE WEEK IN NATURE

Birds Collect in Flocks

HOOT OF THE WOOD OWL

By Our Country Correspondent

October 10. A familiar sound at night now in the neighbourhood of woods is the hooting of the brown, or tawny, owl, also called the wood owl. It is one of our commonest owls, and is more-powerful than the barn owl. Gamekeepers persecute it because they say it kills their young game birds, but there seems no doubt that it does much good by destroying vermin.

October 11. We saw the arrival last week of numbers of common snipe, which have come to spend the winter with us. This week we should look out for the jack snipe, a similar though smaller bird, which visits us but does not nest in Britain.

October 12. The Virginia creeper is now turning red, and there are few more glorious sights in autumn than a wall well covered with this plant. The tints vary from a delicate, almost transparent, pink to a deep crimson, and the whole creeper becomes one blaze of fiery colour.

October 13. The farmer is busy, and the autumn sowing of wheat is now going on, the seed having been pickled or dressed with a solution of bluestone or copper sulphate to prevent fungoid diseases like smut.

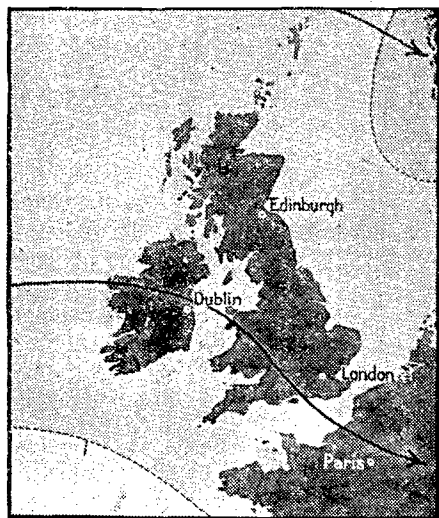
October 14. The common, or corn, bunting is now gathering in flocks. Although it is a resident bird a certain number of buntings come to us in the autumn, while others leave us. Being coloured like a skylark it is often called the bunting lark.

October 15. The leaves of the maple are turning yellow, and the trees generally are assuming their autumn tints.

October 16. The sociable linnet is now collecting in flocks, and is to be seen among the furze on waste land. It is a gentle and affectionate bird, but does not often visit our gardens, so that we have less opportunity of studying it than is the case with many other birds.

C.N. WEATHER MAPS OF THE U.K.

The Storms of October



This map shows the storm areas in the United Kingdom for October. The frequency of the storms is indicated by the darkness of the area, and the arrows show the direction.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Prepare vacant ground for future crops. Remove all fallen and decaying leaves, and continue to hoe, weed, and stir the ground occupied by crops.

Dress the herb borders, draw earth to the stems of the cabbage tribe, and sow seeds of hardy annuals.

Plant deciduous trees as soon as their foliage is matured.

Lawns should be mown where the grass has a tendency to grow. Plants covering walls which require nailing should at once receive attention to prevent their being broken by high winds.

WHAT PLUCK WILL DO

Dramatic Scene on a Train

ONE MAN SCATTERS THE RAIDERS

The newspapers have had many reports of raids and seizures of trains and mails and patrols in Ireland, but most of them have been one-sided affairs consisting of a surprise, followed by no resistance.

At last, however, an encounter has occurred worthy of the films. The scene was the Donegal-Ballyshannon railway, and on the train, which was "held-up" at a lonely station by ten armed men, was Mr. Forbes, the superintendent.

As the train drew up a masked raider confronted the engine-driver and fireman, and, covering them with a revolver, ordered them to leave the engine, while nine other raiders began to ransack the guard's van.

So far the hold-up was proceeding in the usual way. The difference came when Mr. Forbes, who also had a revolver, slipped from his carriage on the offside, passed along the footboard to the engine, and called "Hands up!" to the raider who was covering the driver.

The startled raider at once bolted to the shelter of the waiting-room, and the other raiders, hearing shots, left the guard's van and ran across the fields.

Meantime, a train-load of people quaked with fear, and did nothing to help or hinder anybody.

The power of one brave man over many has seldom been better illustrated.

HOW FAST DO YOU BURN?

The Heat of the Body

By the Children's Doctor

As we live we burn. From the day of our birth to the day of our death we produce heat. Part of the heat produced maintains the temperature of the body at 98 degrees or more, and part of it is given off.

The bodies of all healthy human beings are about equally hot. A man of average size gives off daily enough heat to raise 20 to 40 quarts of water from freezing to boiling-point, and in a general way the more food a man eats, and the bigger and more active he is, the more heat he produces.

Apart even from diet, size, and activity, however, there are great individual differences, which can be detected when men are kept in bed without food. Under these conditions it is found that some men produce as little as 700 calories of heat in 24 hours from each square yard of their body surface—enough heat to raise 15 pints of water from freezing to boiling-point—while others produce as much as 1000 calories per square yard. It is found, too, that under these conditions women on the average produce less heat than men.

So we may say that some human beings burn much faster than others, and that men, on the average, burn faster than women.

FISHING IN A STORM

An Edinburgh reader, referring to the question Why do fish not bite during thunder? says they do.

On several occasions I have seen very big baskets of trout brought in after a thunderstorm. On one occasion a big thunderstorm came on, and immediately the trout started to take the bait, and the fisherman came home with seven dozen trout.

THE WEATHER OF AUGUST

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . 125.7	London . . ins. 1.75
Hours of rain . 27.8	Middlesbrough ins. 1.05
Wet days . . 7	Cardiff . . ins. 2.73
Dry days . . 24	Edinburgh . ins. 5.33
Warmest day . 8th	Fort William ins. 5.75
Ceilest day . 21st	Dublin . . ins. 1.52

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card

Can a Toad Hear?

A toad hears readily. The ears, however, are not visible, being covered by the skin of the skull.

How Many Eggs Does a Queen Bee Lay?

A strong queen bee may lay between 60,000 and 80,000 eggs before her activities cease at the end of September.

Where Are the Ears of Birds?

The ears of birds are placed one on each side of the head. Having no external couch, such as ours possess, birds' ears are not as a rule easily noticeable.

Why Does Water Not Stain a Leaf?

Leaves teem with stomata, or breath-pores, from which gas issues, so preventing water from coming actually in contact with the fabric itself.

Why Do Birds Descend in a Zigzag?

In such a descent the air pathway is prolonged, the drop is more gradual, and the strain on the wings and the danger to the bird are reduced. It is a case of the longest way round being the safest way home.

What Are the Stages of a Ladybird?

The larvae are comparatively long, greyish-black, six-legged creatures, with orange-and-white spots, feeding entirely on greenfly. The pupae are black and white, and are found on the underside of leaves. The adults sleep through the winter.

Can a Dog Laugh?

No; but an intelligent, good-tempered dog has so expressive a way of showing humour at play that we fancy we see laughter in its jolly face. Certain looks on a dog's face indicate fear, anger, coaxing, delight, but laughter seems peculiar to the human face.

Do Bees Die Directly After Stinging?

Not always. The stinging apparatus of the bee is barbed, and it may become fixed in the wound it causes, and therefore torn from the bee's body. In that case the insect dies. The act of stinging is not in itself fatal to the bee.

Is a Spider's Web Inexhaustible?

No; we see a garden spider, after much repairing of her web in wet and stormy weather, return to her shelter and rest for a day or more before renewing her labours. Everything she eats helps to provide material for silk, but there is a limit to her output.

How Do Birds Find Their Way When Migrating?

We imagine them to inherit a memory of routes long followed by their ancestors. The subject is full of mystery, for our theory does not apply to sea swallows, which, captured and released 855 miles from their home, returned with not a single landmark to guide them. The route was entirely new.

Why Does Not Bee's Food Dry Up?

The honey in the hive is so thick and sticky that fluid cannot easily escape from the wax-sealed cells. It is kept from fermenting by formic acid supplied by the bee. Sugar syrup, furnished by the beekeeper for the winter food, is prevented from crystallising by the addition of a tablespoonful of vinegar to each quart of syrup.

How Do Flowers Close at Night?

Flowers open and close in accordance with the habits of the insects that visit them. Night, with its dew, rain, and cold, is dangerous to some, but favourable to others which covet the visits of moths. Flowers begin to open from 3 a.m. and close at noon, and so onwards. From 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. is the busiest time, most flowers then being open and most insects at work.

NEAREST BRIGHT

STAR

TRAVELLING TOWARD THE EARTH

Rushing Through Space at 24 Miles a Second

IMMENSE GLOBE OF FIRE-MIST

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

There is a brilliant star at present in the south-west sky that must often have attracted the attention of young observers; it is rather less than half the way between overhead and the horizon between 8 and 10 o'clock.

This star is Altair, the brightest orb in the constellation of Aquila, the Eagle, and is also known as Alpha Aquilae. Our star map shows its striking position between Beta and Gamma in Aquila, being, in fact, almost in line with them.

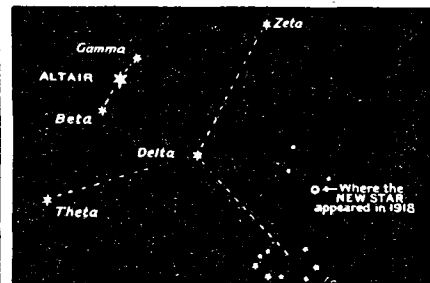
Altair is a great sun that shines with an intense bluish-white light, and is known to be actually twelve times greater in brilliance than our own sun. It is of the same type, or family, as Sirius, and nearly twice as far away, for, whereas light, which travels at 186,330 miles in a second, takes about eight years to come from Sirius, it takes fourteen years to reach us from Altair.

Dark Patch in the Sky

Now, though this great sun is 900,000 times farther off it is one of the nearest of the stars to our sun, and by far the nearest of all the bright stars above us during the autumn evenings. Every second brings it 24 miles nearer to us, the result of the combined motion of Altair toward our Sun and our Sun toward Altair, though the two are not travelling toward each other direct.

The Sun is moving at eleven miles a second in a direction north-west of Altair, toward that dark patch of sky to the south-west of Vega—to a point, in fact, about fifteen times the Moon's apparent width away; while Altair is travelling across the sky north-easterly, far to the left of Vega.

This motion is not perceptible, however, except by the most minute measurements spread over a long time, owing to the star's enormous distance.



The position of Altair and the new star

Two very interesting stars in the constellation of the Eagle are Theta in Aquila, composed of a pair of stars that revolve around one another in the short space of 17 days; and Beta in Aquila, which has a minute companion sun speeding with it through space in the same direction.

But to astronomers the most interesting spot in Aquila just now is where the new star appeared in 1918—referred to in the C.N. a fortnight ago.

Red Star Becomes a Green Disc

Its position is shown on the map, but it has now become faint and no longer visible to the naked eye. In powerful telescopes it is an object of supreme interest. It appears, not as a brilliant point of light but as a greenish disc, almost as large as the planet Uranus; and as it has been calculated to be at a distance of 900 light years, it must be of colossal dimensions.

When two years ago it blazed out as a great red star almost as bright as Altair, it was then we saw the great convulsion that occurred, and which subsequently blew this sun out into a great globe of fire-mist, many thousands of times greater than it was a few months before.

G. F. M.

OUT OF BOUNDS

An Exciting Story of the
Secret of an Old Ruin : : Told by
T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Standish Prynn and Bee, his sister, are the only children of Franklyn Prynn, who has started a school in the old family seat of Storr Royal.

Stan, as Standish is called, and his sister Bee see Adnan Delmar disappear among the ruined part, which is out of bounds to the scholars. They follow him, and are locked in a secret underground passage, from which they find another exit and escape with the help of Hank Harker, an American pupil at the school.

Just as they do so Delmar appears, and Bee accuses him of shutting them in the passage, which he denies.

Losing the trail during a paper-chase the following day, Stan and Hank see Delmar and a stranger enter a cave in Priest's Cove, not far from the school. When Delmar and his companion come out the boys explore the cave for themselves and find a rock pipe, from which a huge volume of water rises and carries them off their feet.

CHAPTER 6

Delmar Makes Threats

STAN'S outstretched hands groped wildly for something to hold on to, something to stop him from being dragged down into the roaring pit.

There was nothing, and he gave up hope.

Through the black, spray-filled gloom a glare of light cut like a knife, and a strong arm seized Stan around the body and plucked him back. The wave washed away, and sank down into the pit, gurgling and sobbing hideously.

"You young idiot, what possessed you to risk your life in such a place?" came a deep, strong voice.

Breathless, half-drowned, and half-blinded, Stan heard the words but could not at first answer.

"Where—where's Hank?" he panted, when at last he found his voice.

"Don't you worry. I'm all right," came Hank's reply, and Hank himself stepped into the light of the electric torch.

"What possessed you two young lunatics to venture into a place like this?" demanded the owner of the torch, whom Stan now recognised as Mr. Lacey, one of the assistant masters at the school.

"I didn't know there was any special danger, sir," answered Stan.

"You didn't know you were in the Blow Hole?"

"No, sir. I remember now I have heard that there was a Blow Hole in Priest's Cove, but I never saw it, and didn't know where it was. I'm tremendously grateful to you, sir."

"Be grateful to the good Providence that brought me here this afternoon," said Mr. Lacey gravely. "If I had not happened to come down here to take some photographs, and had not noticed you entering the cave, you would be beyond help this moment. But let us get away. It is all we shall do."

He was right. They were knee deep in salt water before they reached the path, and it was with feelings of very real gratitude that Stan found himself once more safe on top of the cliff.

Here Mr. Lacey stopped.

"What made you two get into that cave?" he enquired.

"We—er—we were just exploring, sir," replied Stan lamely.

"You knew of the cave before?"

"No, sir."

"Then how did you find the mouth? It is quite hidden from below. It can't be seen until you reach it."

Stan was fairly cornered.

"We saw a man come out, sir," he replied.

"Ah, I thought as much! And what was this man like?"

"He was short and rather broad, and had a crooked nose."

Mr. Lacey gave a low whistle.

"Caffyn," he said, half to himself. "Must have been Caffyn. Now, what was he doing there, I wonder."

He turned to the boys.

"Keep clear of that man, both of you. He is a bad lot. I shall not say anything to your father, Prynn. But I shall trust you not to run any foolish risks of this kind in the future. And as for the cave, it's out of bounds."

Stan did not sleep too well that night, and in his dreams lurid pictures of that dark sea cave with its roaring foam spout kept rising before his eyes. He was glad that the next day was Sunday, with an hour extra in bed and the prospect of seeing Bee again.

After dinner he went home, picked up Bee, and he and she went off for a walk. They took their favourite road up through Aphurst Forest, and as they went Stan told Bee about his experiences of the previous day.

Bee listened with shivering interest. Both were so deep in the story that they never noticed two boys standing under a big beech a little way off the road until they were nearly on them.

Bee saw them first.

"There's Delmar now," she whispered, "and another boy with him."

"Yes, it's Dutton," replied Stan. "He's a young cousin of Delmar. Fags for him, and that sort of thing."

"I'm sorry for him," said Bee.

"So am I. But walk straight on and pretend we don't see them."

At that moment Delmar looked up, saw the two, and at once came straight towards them.

"I want to speak to you, Prynn," he said.

The queer thing about Delmar was that no one could ever tell by his voice or face whether he were pleased or angry.

Stan pulled up.

"Go ahead," he said shortly.

"You've been sneaking," Delmar announced.

Stan stiffened.

"I've done nothing of the sort."

"Don't tell lies. I know better. I've seen my friend who was with me yesterday."

"Oh, that chap!" said Stan scornfully. "He doesn't count. But Harker and I kept your name out of it."

"He doesn't count, you say," Delmar spoke slowly and deliberately. "You may find that he counts a good deal more than you imagine."

He paused, and looked hard at Stan.

"You have interfered with me twice already. I'd advise you not to do it again."

The boy's tone put Stan's back

up thoroughly, but with an effort he kept his temper.

"You may be quite sure I shan't interfere with you as long as you leave me alone and keep clear of the ruins."

"What have the ruins got to do with you?" demanded Delmar.

"They happen to belong to my father," Stan answered quietly.

For once Delmar's self-control seemed to come near breaking.

"Your father!" he said sharply. "Your father had better go slow. If not—"

He pulled himself up short as if he had said too much, and without another word he turned and went back to Dutton.

CHAPTER 7

The Thief

"WHAT'S up, Stan?" asked Hank Harker as he met his chum in the passage outside their class-room.

Stan's set face relaxed to a smile.

"Not much. I've got to stick in this afternoon instead of playing footer. That young Dutton went and spilt ink all over my sheet of prose, and Mr. Cotter's given it me all to do again. He thought it was my fault."

"Poor luck, son! Have you had it out with Dutton?"

Stan shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the use? Of course, I could lick him, but he wouldn't fight. He'd only blub."

Hank nodded.

"Can I help you any?"

"Afraid not, Hank. Thanks, all the same. You go on up. I'll get through as soon as I can, and follow you to the playing-field."

Stan settled himself to his work in the deserted class-room. In the distance he could hear cheery shouts from the boys watching the match. It was one in which he himself had hoped to play, and he felt very sore that he could not do so.

Time passed. Stan had almost finished his task when he heard a loose board crack in the passage outside. The door was ajar, and the sound came plainly to his ears.

He grinned.

"One of Hank's jokes, I'll bet," he said to himself. "But he won't catch me napping. I'll give him the surprise of his life."

Picking up an old newspaper, he twisted it into a hard roll, then slipped silently out of his place and crept softly to the door.

Another board creaked, but there was no sign of Hank, so, softly pushing the door open, Stan looked out. Much to his surprise it was not Hank, or any other of his friends, but Dutton. And Dutton was stealing on tiptoe up the passage towards the Fourth Form-room.

Dutton reached the door, turned and looked back, and the expression on his fat, tallowy face startled Stan. For Dutton was clearly badly scared and fearfully nervous.

"Something wrong here," muttered Stan as, unseen himself, he watched Dutton creep noiselessly into the Fourth-room. He considered a moment, then followed. Having his indoor shoes on he was able to move as quietly as Dutton.

Dutton had left the door partly open; and Stan, peering round it,

saw him standing in the far corner of the room. Opposite were several lockers built into the wall.

One of these Dutton opened, and from it took a metal box which jingled slightly as he moved it. He laid this on a desk, took the key from his pocket, unlocked it, and, taking out some money, slipped it into his own purse.

Stan's throat went dry. The whole thing was clear all at once. For this box, he knew, was the property of Glanfield, who was treasurer of the Fourth Form game fund. This money was the team fund, and Dutton, who had no right in the Fourth-room, for he belonged to the Third, was stealing it.

Stan stepped forward into the room. At the sound Dutton spun round, and his fat, mean face went the colour of tallow. He dropped the box with a clang on the floor, and stood, shaking all over, the picture of guilt and terror.

"You young sweep!" said Stan, striding forward.

Dutton's lips moved, but he made no reply.

"A nice game!" said Stan bitterly. "What do you think Glanfield will say when he knows this?"

Dutton found his tongue.

"Oh, please, you won't tell him?" he begged.

"Would you rather I took you to Mr. Lacey?" asked Stan.

Dutton dropped on a form and burst into tears.

"I shall be expelled!" he cried.

Stan felt beastly.

"You ought to have thought of that before," he said. "What did you do it for?"

Dutton raised his head.

"I—I owe money at the tuckshop. They said they'd tell the Head."

"Why didn't you write home for money?"

"I promised I wouldn't get into debt."

Stan had no reason to like Dutton, but the boy's misery touched his heart.

"If I don't let on, will you promise never to do it again?"

"I will. I promise I will. But"

"But what?"

"I—I—that is—!" He stopped, but his eyes were on the box.

A new suspicion flashed across Stan's mind.

"You don't mean to say that this isn't the first time?" he demanded.

Dutton's silence was as good as a confession.

"Then you can jolly well take your chance!" cried Stan angrily.

"Oh, please—please don't tell!" implored Dutton. "If you only knew how they badgered me! I've been almost crazy."

Stan was silent a moment.

"How much have you taken?" he demanded.

"I—I took seven shillings last Tuesday."

"Put back what you've taken now," ordered Stan. "Then lock the box, and put it back in the locker."

Dutton obeyed.

"Where did you get the key—out of Glanfield's pocket, I suppose?"

"Yes," admitted the other.

"Go and put it back where you found it—at once, before the chaps come down from the field. Then come to the Third-room, and I'll tell you what to do."

The boy scuttled away.

As Stan followed slowly a shadow crossed the window of the class-room, one which looked out on the quadrangle. But Stan, busy with his thoughts, never noticed the dark face which was pressed for a moment against the glass, and then disappeared as suddenly as it had come.

The face was that of Delmar, and could Stan have seen the gleam of gratified malice in Delmar's eyes he would have felt even more worried than he was at the moment.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Patriot General

IN the dark days of Rome, when her army was nearly annihilated by a victorious African general who had marched across the Alps, and the very capital was at his mercy if only he had gone forward, the remnants of the broken legions were saved from utter ruin by a youth of 19.

He belonged to a famous Roman family, and only two years before had saved his father's life in another battle. Now his heroism and the inspiration of his example put fresh spirit into the beaten troops, and saved them from the disgrace of forsaking their country, which they had intended to do.

A few years later the young man was elected to the command of the army in a dangerous foreign campaign, in which both his father and his uncle had been slain. No one else could be found ready to take the post, but he willingly offered himself. The entire country which was the seat of war was in the hands of the enemy, but by skill and daring the young general won many victories and finally crushed the foe.

Then, returning to Rome he was elected consul, and in spite of difficulty and opposition, he raised an army and sailed away to attack his country's bitterest enemies in their African home. Their victorious leader was still in Italy, but the young Roman general's brilliant success in Africa led to the enemy commander's recall to his own land.

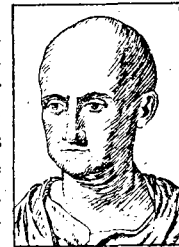
And now came one of those great crises of history, a decisive battle to show who should be masters of the world. The Romans were the victors, the African power was for ever crippled, and nothing stood between Rome and world empire.

On his return the Roman general was received with triumph, and his countrymen were prepared to make him consul for life and dictator of their empire, but, unlike Caesar, he had no ambitions in this direction, and declined the honours.

When, in a later campaign, his son was captured by the enemy who offered to release him and send a present of money provided more favourable terms could be obtained, the great Roman patriot refused. The enemy king, however, released the son, and when the general granted reasonable terms to the beaten foe, enemies at home accused him of receiving bribes.

He indignantly denied such charges, and then went into voluntary exile, where he died. His daughter became the mother of two famous sons.

Although proud and guilty of some other faults, this brilliant general was probably the greatest man that Rome produced with the single exception of Julius Caesar. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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And the Night Shall be Filled With Music



DR MERRYMAN

JACK (coming out of theatre): Why did everybody cry during the death scene? They must have known that the actor was not dead.
Harry: Yes, that was just it.

Six Curious Words

FIRST find out a word that doth silence proclaim,
And that backwards and forwards is always the same.

Then next you must find a feminine name
That backwards and forwards is always the same.

An act or a writing on parchment whose name
Both backwards and forwards is always the same.

A fruit that is rare whose botanical name
Read backwards and forwards is always the same.

A note used in music which time doth proclaim,
And backwards and forwards is always the same.

Their initials connected a title will frame
That is justly the due of the fair married dame,
Which backwards and forwards is always the same. *Answers next week*

The Foolish Clock

"THAT clock has gone wrong again," said Pat. "It has just struck one eight times in succession, and the time is really eight o'clock."

Recognising a Tune

DURING a discussion on music a man mentioned that he was able to recognise only one tune, the National Anthem.

When asked how it was that he knew that particular tune, he replied that it was because when it was played everybody stood up.

A Picture Alphabet



M STANDS for Memory, short-lived as a sneeze,
Hence the reiteration "Pass down the car, please."



N IS the Nuisance that rushes up late,
Quite frantic because the train will not wait.

Is Your Name Diver?

DIVER, like Ducker, is a name quite common in the fen country, where it probably originated as a surname.

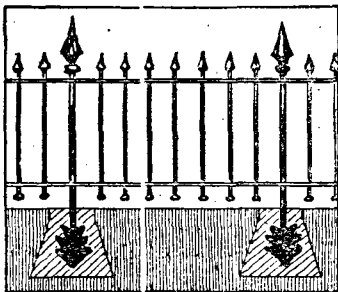
Both Diver and Ducker were the local names of certain water-birds, and no doubt the man who made a living by hunting these birds, and collecting their eggs came to be known by the names of the birds, and thus the surnames were handed down to their ancestors.

Poor Pat
AN Irishman met with an accident in the streets of Dublin, being knocked down by a motor-car. He lay very still, and people ran to him from all directions.

"Pat," said one of them, "are you dead?"
"Not dead," replied the man, "but spacheless."

PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How is an Iron Fence Fixed?



The iron supports are placed in cone-shaped holes, and molten lead is then poured into the holes. The lead solidifies, and a firm base is formed.

The Missing Letter

BY inserting the same vowel again and again the line below will make a verse:

WHTMRS LND SODLSYWR
WHTDYSSDR KSDYSTHTWRS
L
RM
LSSKNYSKTIHDFR
LLSHLLCLLV RHRSNDHRM
WHYCLLSBL DSTLKTHGHS
TLYRT
LLGLLNTCTSGRNDNDMNLYP
RT. *Solution next week*

Tainted

A NEWSPAPER has recently published an article called "The Taint in Politics." It reminds us of this story.

A fervid orator in the park was one day declaiming against the rich. At every few moments in his tirade he shouted, "My friends, it's tainted money!"

Somebody called out at last: "Here, hold hard! What do you mean by tainted money?"
"Well," rejoined the orator, "it 'tain't mine and it 'tain't yours, and so it's tainted money, ain't it?"

The Day of the Week

MONDAY for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday for very good fortune.
Thursday for losses,
Friday for crosses,
Saturday no luck at all,
And Sunday the best day of all.

Arithmetical Puzzle

CAN you arrange four nines in such a way that they represent 100? *Answer next week*

Magic Sentence

HERE is a sentence that is exactly the same whether read forward or backward:
Nor I nor Emma had level'd a hammer on iron.

The Mystery

A NOUN there is of plural number
In daily use from Thames to Humber.

Now, almost any noun you take,
By adding s you plural make;
But if you add an s to this,
Strange is the metamorphosis
Plural is plural now no more;
Useless what useful was before. *Solution next week*

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Queer Chance The figure 8

What Am I? The letter E

A Picture Lesson in Geography

The name of the village was Salt

Jacko in Luck

FATHER JACKO was such a long time reading his letters one morning that he quite forgot his breakfast.

"Your bacon is getting cold, Benjamin," his wife reminded him. "Put your letters down, and finish them by-and-by."

"There are some things more important than food, Eliza," said Father Jacko pompously; but nevertheless he picked up his knife and fork and made an excellent beginning.

"Someone will have to feed the chickens today," he said presently. "I have to go into Manchester on business."

"Can I go with you?" asked Jacko promptly.
"You?" said his Father. "Certainly not."
"I could carry your bag for you and be no end useful," persisted Jacko, who scented a day out.

To his surprise his Mother backed him up.
"It would be an opportunity to get a basket of cakes over to Grandma," she said. "Jacko could take them to her and meet you afterwards. You will be a good boy, and not worry your Father?" she added, turning to Jacko.

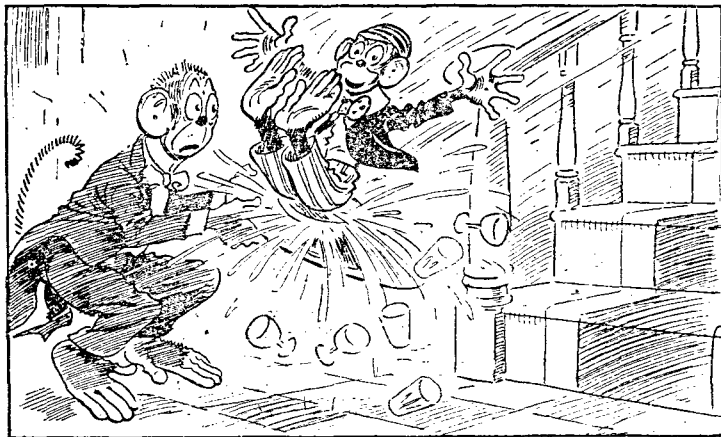
"Rather!" replied Jacko. And so when Father went off, an hour later, Jacko went with him.

Father took a lot of getting off. The whole family had to help, and in the end they nearly missed the train.

They had barely started when Father remembered his papers. "Stop!" he cried, jumping up. "I have left my bag behind."

"No, you haven't," said Jacko, holding it out. "I've got it. It's a good thing you brought me," he added, grinning.

"Upon my word, you're right!" said his Father. "You're a good lad, and you deserve to be rewarded. Now, listen to



Crash! Bang! A story without words

me. You run along to your Grandma's while I settle my bit of business, and after dinner I'll take you to the pictures."

"Coo!" whistled Jacko. "I'm in luck!"

"There's a shop in South Street," said his Father, "that is famous for Irish stew and apple pudding. Be outside at one o'clock, and we'll see what we think of them."

Jacko was there to the tick. And five minutes later up came his father, in his cheeriest mood. But when he caught sight of Jacko's face and hands he frowned.

"Where have you been?" he demanded. "You're as black as a crow. Go upstairs and wash yourself."

Jacko went off obediently, and as he came out on to the staircase again he caught sight of a waiter below, carrying down their dinner on a great tray.

It smelt good, and with a cheery cry Jacko sprang on to the banister-rail and slid down.

Unfortunately he and the waiter reached the bottom step at the same moment!

Bang! Crash! A story without words.
It was sad, but there were no pictures for Jacko that day, for it took every penny his father had to pay for the breakages.

Ici on Parle Français

Sayings of Jesus—Watch and Pray
33. Prenez garde, veillez et priez; car vous ne savez quand ce temps viendra.

34. Il en sera comme d'un homme qui, partant pour un voyage, laisse sa maison, remet l'autorité à ses serviteurs, indique à chacun sa tâche, et ordonne au portier de veiller.

35. Veillez donc, car vous ne savez quand viendra le maître de la maison, ou le soir, ou au milieu de la nuit, ou au chant du coq, ou le matin.

36. Craignez qu'il ne vous trouve endormis à son arrivée soudaine.

37. Ce que je vous dis, je le dis à tous: Veillez. Saint Mark, 13.

Notes and Queries

What is a Durbar? A durbar is a state reception in India given by the Viceroy, a Governor-General, or a Prince.

What does A.R.A. mean? A.R.A. stands for Associate of the Royal Academy, a lesser dignity than Royal Academician.

What does Supra mean? Supra is a Latin word meaning below, and is used in a book to refer to something that follows later in the book.

What is an Egoist? An egoist is one who places the supreme end of human conduct in self. Egoism is scientific selfishness, while egotism is merely self-conceit. Both words are from the Latin ego, meaning I.

ABC Stories

The Fiddle



STANDS for fiddle—the fiddle that Mona found in the old sea-chest the day her mother went up to town and left her to amuse herself as well as she could.

It was very dull, for it was too wet to go into the garden, and Mary, the maid-of-all-work, was busy in the kitchen.

After tea she crept upstairs into the attic and sat down, feeling very lonely, on the big chest under the window. That old chest had been there as long as Mona could remember, and she had often wondered what was inside.

She slid down to the floor, lifted the lid, and peeped in. There wasn't much to look at—only clothes and books and papers, all old and shabby. They smelt musty as she lifted them out, and she was on the point of throwing them all back when she caught sight of something lying, half hidden, at the bottom of the box.

It was a violin.

She took it out. It was Uncle Harry's, of course. She remembered his story though she had never seen him—how he had been a great player, and how he had done something disgraceful, and had run away to sea in a fit of shame. He had never come back, for his ship went down, and his box was all that was left of him.

This must be the famous violin. She lifted it out, and drew the bow across the strings. It made a strange noise. She tried again, and laughed at



It made a strange sound

the harsh sound that came. It certainly wasn't musical, but it seemed to suit the angry lashing of the rain against the window-pane.

And then the door opened and her mother came in.

"Oh, Mummy!" she cried. "Look what I have found! It's Uncle Harry's, isn't it?"

"Yes," said her mother, after a little pause. "It must be. I had forgotten it was there. But take care of it, child. It is very valuable. Some day, when you have learned to play, you shall have it for your very own."

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

October 9, 1920

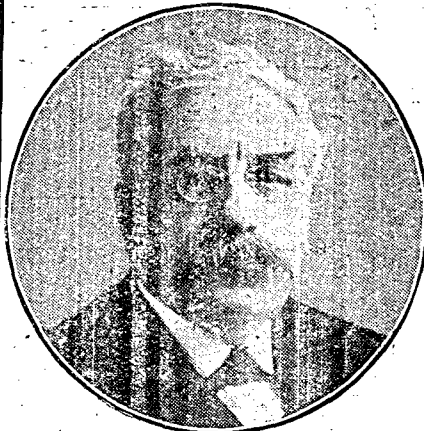
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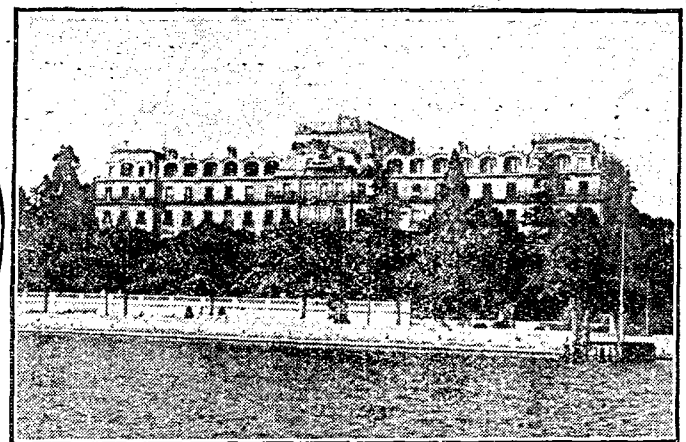
NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT · HOME OF THE LEAGUE · PROPPING UP ST. PAUL'S



Postage Stamps for Palestine—The first postage stamp to bear a Hebrew inscription, shown here as an inset, is being printed in Jerusalem for the Palestine Post Office



France's New President—The former Premier, M. Millerand, who has been elected President in place of M. Deschanel. See page two



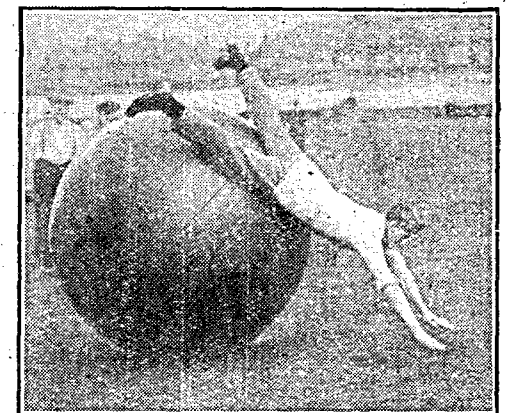
New Home of the League of Nations—The beautiful building at Geneva, formerly an hotel, which has just been taken over by the League as its headquarters. See page two



Princess Among the Brownies—Princess Mary talking to the younger members during her inspection of Girl Guides at Dundee



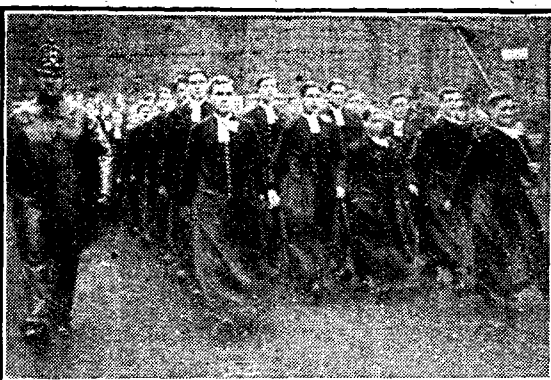
Here We Go Round and Round—One of the small children's merry-go-rounds that are very popular in Bradford just now. They are moved from place to place on a one-horse cart



An Exciting Moment at Pushball—Pushball is always exciting, as this player at Leyton found



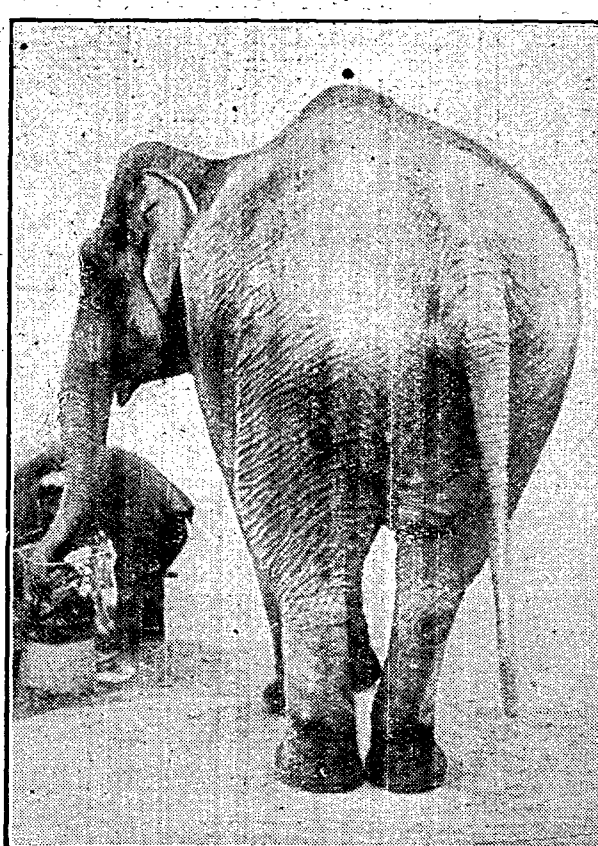
The Cabbage on the Wall—This fine cabbage is growing on a wall at Halsall, Yorkshire. The seed must have been blown into a crack by the wind



Bluecoat Boys in the City—Boys from Christ's Hospital, Horsham, marching through the City of London to receive their annual gifts from the Lord Mayor



A Snake at Tea—This snake, which takes part in a well-known London play, is very fond of tea, and always joins his mistress at this meal



The Tidy Elephant—This elephant at the London Zoo helps the keeper to gather up paper thrown about by untidy visitors. The finger at the end of the trunk picks up the tiniest fragments



Propping Up St. Paul's—Moving one of the curious tank-shaped girders that are being used to strengthen the foundations of London's great cathedral



A Fine Jump at the Hurdles—Earl Thompson, the famous athlete, clearing a hurdle in a race at Herne Hill, London